TEX DEVIC'S ARMY.

An Awful Experience in the Wilds of Central America with Tarantulas.

Dr. J. S. Davis, in San Francisco Examiner. I have just returned from an expedition into the interior of Yucatan and Campeche, during which I met with an adventure so awful and nonsnal that I think my friends in San Francisco will be much interested

in an account of it. In the latter part of May last I came to Central America from San Francisco at the request of the Munich Society for Prehistoric Research, of which I am a member, to investigate the ancient ruins which cover this country, with a view of obtaining, if possible, some clew to the period to which they belong. I got the clew I sought for from some hieroglyphics among the Conquestador ruins, which, according to my theory, are about 8,000 years old, but, of course, absolute proof is not available. I had as a guide a most intelligent half-breed, Manuel Besero, and he informed me that, according to the traditions of his Indian progenitors, there were some ruins of still greater antiquity some 110 miles to the northward, near the Rio Seca. Indeed, he said that this dry basin was once the bed of a river that had been turned from its course by the inhabitants of these same ruins. Thinking that I might possibly find some corroboration for my theory among these earlier relics of the lost race, I started to find them, accompanied by my faithful guide. It was very hard traveling through the jungles, and we made hardly fifteen miles a day. The difficulties were multiplied by the enormous number of snakes and poisonous insects that infect this sec-

Onethe afternoon of the fourth day we uped in a little opening, clear, except for grass. This was soon burned off. We had just finished supper, and I was sitting at the base of a tree smoking my pipe, when an enormous tarantula came out of the grass into the cleared circle. He was positively the largest specimen I had ever seen, and as the slanting rays of the sun caught him I noticed a curious, dull, ndefinite, reddish line down his back. I serve it, but Manuel settled my regrets by crushing it with a billet of wood. It had hardly ceased moving when another and equally large one appeared at the other end of the burned patch. I did not fear them much, as I wore heavy leather-leg-"We have made a bad camp, Manuel."

We lost one of our pack mules

through a bite or a sting of some sort on

"One place is about as anothor," he answered in Spanish. "they usually go by He appeared more troubled, however, than his careless answer seemed to indicate, and while I killed the second unwelcome visitor he began to poke around in the grass with a long branch. He uncovered more of the great spiders and killed them; when he turned around there were fully half a dozen of them in the clear space. They fastened on to the dead ones and seemed to suck their blood.

said, "there seem to be many tarantulas."

At this moment our remaining mule be-gan to struggle and kick. He soon broke his picket rope and disappeared. Then I became aware of a steady rustling in the grass. More tarantulas came out.

"We must get out of this," screamed the

"I have heard of it from the Indians," cried my guide. "It is a devil's army. They say that the people who lived in the dead cities were killed by them, and that no one can live there. They come by thou-sands, like red ants, and leave nothing alive where they pass. I thought it was a squaw story. We must fight them with

He seized a flaming brand from the campfire, and yelled to me to do likewise. He tried to fire the grass on all sides of us, but where the trees grew it was too rank and wet, and the fires we started would not go. Meanwhile the spiteful spiders became more and more numerous. I crushed one, at least, of them every step I took. Many of them bit at my leggings, and hung there by their fangs. We turned our fire-brands to crushing the tarantulas, but they seemed to come thicker than we could drive them

"I am bitten." I heard the Indian scream. I passed him my flask. I could do nothing more for him, and, dropping my stick, I started to run. Every step in the grass seemed to bring me into worse quarters. tried every direction, but they seemed everywhere. I noticed that they were in the bushes and on the grass, so high that my leggings would not protect me, and presently I found myself back at the camp. There, at least, they could not reach me without climbing up. The ground was perfectly black with them. Poor Manuel was down on his knees, and the great insects were all over him. He seemed crazy, and I have no doubt his mind was nearly and I have no doubt his mind was nearly gone with terror and the pain of the bites.

I could barely keep the tarantulas from getting above my leggings. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might find safety in one of the trees. I knew that I would soon be exhausted if I remained among the black asts, and that would end it. In a moment I had my arms about a small tree. I crushed the insects that clung to my legs against the bark as I dragged and scrambled up. A dozen feet from the ground there was a branch from which we had hung some small game I had shot. I pulled myself up on to this branch, and got the first moment's rest I had had since the tarantulas first appeared. I had had no time to think before this, but now I began to realize what had happened. It seemed more like a nightmare than anything real. I looked down and almost fell off my branch at the herrid sight below me. My Indian was now fairly on the ground. I could not see him for the poisonous things that covered him, but the irregular black mass wriggled and squirmed like a wounded snake, and I knew he was not yet out of his agony. On every side were more tarantulas hungrily searching for more victims. Their crushed fellows were almost torn to pieces so fierce were they in their hunger. They were all enormous; some of them were as big as turtles, and when the sun struck them I could see the red line that distinguished them from the non-gregarious species that are familiar in other places. They crawled over one another in their desire to find something into which to sink their fangs. Poor Manuel's writhing body was the objective point of most of them. They fought fiercely for a spot of flesh where they could strike, and every movement of the saill living man seemed to make them yet more fierce. It did not take me as long to notice all this as it does to describe it, and I soon saw that I was not yet safe from the hor-rible fate that had overtaken my guide.

first. I brushed them down with a small branch, and those that were hurt at all were immediately set upon by their fel-My recital of these things may seem tame, but I have no pen to describe the awful horror of it all. There were about two hours of daylight left me. I knew this, and wondered what I could do in the dark. Then I remembered reading that snakes or centipedes would not cross a hair rope, and I thought that perhaps the same rule might apply to tarantulas.

The insects began to crawl up the tree, though not in any considerable numbers at

The game was swinging from the branch by a horsehair rista, and it took me a very few minutes to cut the rabbits loose and wind the rope about the trunk just below me. Pretty soon more of the big spiders came up. Manuel was quiet now at last, and they wanted another victim.

My hair tope did some good. They could not swarm over it in such numbers that I could not sweep them back with my branch. How long I stayed there fighting the insects back I do not know. But the light was fading when I noticed a

sommotion among the tarantulas. At the same time I observed a number of blueblack wasps darting about. I recognized them as belonging to the hymenoptera fam-ily, and realized that they were the taran-tula hawks of which I had read. In ten s the four or hve wasps had become hundreds, and five minutes later there was hundreds, and five minutes later there was not a tarantula to be seen, except the numerous dead ones at the foot of the tree.

Manuel's body, swollen and discolored by the venom of the spiders, stared up at me.

I waited an hour and then came down.

It took me eight days to reach Nevada, and on the way I did not see a single tarantula.

A Demand for Common Labor.

same statement could be practically made of Washington. The opportunity for un-skilled labor in the Northwest is far beyond its acceptance by workmen. There are at least four railway companies operating in western Washington that are unable to get the help they want. In this State no man need say that he is unable to provide those dependent upon his labor with all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life.

THE SOUTH'S "THIRD ESTATE." A Social Scientist's Explanation of the Cause of the Alliance Movement.

Boston Advertiser. The address on "The Third Estate of the South," delivered by Rev. A. D. Mayo before the American Social Science Association, last Tuesday, was a cogent presentation of some facts that are vitally important to any real understanding of the complex Southern question. We are unable to agree with him in all of his judgments, but that need not hinder the amplest recognition of the extraordinary ability, intelligence and candor displayed in treating a foremost po-

litico-social topic. "The third estate" is composed of laboring whites and is sharply differentiated by birth, environment and social condition from the other two "estates," composed of white aristocrats at one extreme and the colored population at the other. It is the recent rapid and astounding rise of this third estate into political prominence that gives occasion to Mr. Mayo's address and that renders his discussion of the subject of such prime interest. The "Farmers' Alliance" in the South is, we are told, no more and no less than the assertion of itself in public affairs by a vast body of white men who, like their predecessors for many generations, have been as completely cowed down by the dominant factions as the peasantry of Europe by the lords of the land. The speaker sees in South Carolina, for instance, at the present time, in the Tillman movement, to which the Advertiser has so emphatically called attention, "a political revolution as radical as the emancipation of the slaves in 1865."

By way of collateral lights on his main

theme. Mr. Mayo made many instructive statements regarding the general, social a political condition of things in the once slave-holding States. The fact was noted that to-day the South as a section regretted that I had not the means to pre- has passed into a permanent minority of sixteen of the forty-four States. The analysis of the peculiar circumstances which enabled a few dominant families before the rebellion to control their section, and through their section the Nation, is a remarkably vivid study of matters which, although already familiar to all careful inquirers, are often misunderstood. In order that slavery might be profitable it was necessary for the land to be held in large tracts by a few individuals. Those few individnals combined in their own interests to form an exclusive and ruling class. They obtained and held, clear down to the war period, a monopoly of the two chief sources of power, namely, wealth and education. The non-slaveholding whites were snubbed, subdued, oppressed, despised until they came, in great measure, to deserve the contemptuous name by which they were called, "poor white trash."

According to Mr. Mayo this class has been, since the war, constantly gaining intelligence, ambition and conscious strength. A silent, unheralded revolution has prepared the way, year after year, for the much-heralded revolution at which the aristocratic element stands aghast and by which the whole country is astonished. He accounts for it in part by a very ingenious theory which we do not remember to have seen suggested before; being nothing else than that the universal conscription of the "poor white trash" into the rebel army led to the awakening of their dormant ideas. Men who had never traveled twenty miles from home, who could neither read nor write, who were as ignorant, almost, as brutes, of every public question, were sent marching hither and thither in the South and sometimes into the North. They were taught by the rough, but effective, school of war some elements of national politics. Above all, they for the first time in their lives felt themselves to be of some account in the world.

Then the war stripped the old aristocracy of much of its wealth. Manual labor ceased to be a social degradation when scious of "the first families" were obliged to work or starve. It was no longer possible for the spelling-book to be kept out of the hands of the masses. Common schools sprang up, few at first, and miserably equipped for the most part even yet; but the seeds of popular intelligence once sown increased and multiplied. The story is little less than fascinating. Of course the gradual and sometimes rapid incoming of immigrants from the North had a great deal of influence in many places. In short, during the quarter of a century that has elapsed since Lee surrendered,

there has been a steady progress of "the third estate" from vassalage to freedom. Mr. Mayo does not indulge much in prophecy, although his tone is very hope-ful. What the effect of this sudden uprising of a new force in Southern politics is to be upon the race problem is a question that whole trend of the address is to sustain the view heretofore expressed by the Adver-tiser—that whatever breaks up the solid South and causes political lines to be drawn on other than race issues will work incalculable benefits to negroes and whites

Simple Device Against Forgers.

"A bit of legislation calculated to lessen. to a considerable degree, losses by banks and merchants in general, has just gone into effect in Canada," A. P. Wilson, of Montreal, remarked in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific this morning. "It is the crossed-check system, similar to that which has been so long and so satisfactorily in use in England. It is very simple, and by it the percentage of successful forgeries is reduced to a minimum. To illustrate, a merchant remits to another by check. He embraces the word 'bank' with brackets, thus affecting the cross. A check marked thus is not negotiable and is not payable, the only way to realize on it being for the payee to deposit it at his bank. By this system the check, should it be lost or stolen before being presented, even though properly indorsed by the payee, would be valueless to the finder and likewise to any forger. no matter how expert he might be. As I said, the system is beautifully simple, and as effective as it is simple."

Not Accustomed to Baths.

"Give me a good room now," said a bold son of Briton, laying down his pen after registering at the Palmer House and looking clerk Rathbone in the eye. "Do you want a bath with it?" queried Rathbone, as usual, as he returned the

"Bawth?" exclaimed her Majesty's subject, who had not been used to stopping at first-class hotels and therefore did not know that the question referred to a room with a bath-room attached. "Bawth! My Gawd, man, what the devil do you mean? Do I want a bawth? Why, - your impertinence, sir. Do I look as if I didn't know when I wanted a bawth, sir? Or do you mean to insinuate that I smell, sir? I'll not stop here to be insulted. No, sir." And before Rathbone could explain himself the bold Briton bolted down the corridor and out of the State-street door.

A Queer Contract.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. The refusal of the Rev. Father Leeming. of the Catholic Church of Hazelton, near Youngstown, to obey Bishop Gilmour, brings out a enrious fact—if it is a fact that Leeming has a written contract with the Bishop according to which he is to remain for life a priest of the Diocese of Cleveland, providing his conduct be such as becomes a priest. What he has done to vitiate the contract is not known, but the surmise is that it was in his entertaining Dr. McGlyen when on an anti-poverty mission out there.

Calling Him Of.

New York Weekly. Indignant Bieyelist-Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. |Starts off.] Old Lady-Sport! Sport! you foolish dog! Come here. Them ain't bones. Them's

Would Catch the Denison "Chappies." Hartford Courant

The cigarette law which went into effect The railroad contractors of Colorado respect—it is made to apply to any "child the ammonia powder and the smokeless actually or apparently under sixteen years powder, these last consisting of secret compounds, mainly introducing a proportion of

WYOMING'S WOMEN VOTERS.

They Dislike to Be Jurors, and Have Objections to the Australian Ballot Law.

Cheyenne Correspondence Philadelphia Press. Wyoming's first Chief-justice was an ardent woman suffragist, and at his first court he instructed the sheriff to summon an equal number of women and men to serve on the juries of the term. This was done, and several important cases were tried by juries on which men and women served. One of these was a murder case. The jury was composed of six men and six women, and the defendant was found guilty and hanged. On one case, that of two men tried for murder, the jury was composed of eleven men and one woman. The men were convinced of the guilt of the prisoners, but the woman was just as strongly convinced that one of the prisoners was innocent. All the arguments which can be piled up by eleven jurymen against one were used, but to no purpose, and she finally convinced the leven men that she was right, and the prisoner whose cause the woman chamioned escaped with a light punishment. The plan of having women serve on juries did not receive very enthusiastic support, however, and was soon discontinued. In the manner of exercising the liberties

which the new Constitution preserved to woman there have been some radical changes made since its adoption which will give a fairer test to the matter than has been heretofore had. Prior to the meeting of the last Territorial Legislature the manner of holding elections was, to speak mildly, very loose. Judging from the way votes was received, about the only requirement in order to be a qualified voter was to get to the polls on election day. Many a truthful story is told of candidates voting emigrants on their way through this city. The only thing, therefore, that was required of women was that they get to the polls, and in doing this they experienced little or no difficulty, as both political parties provided teams for their fair supporters. But when the garb of statehood was assumed it was deemed advisable to change the election law, and the registry and Australian ballot systems were introduced, with all their various forms and technicalities; and it may truthfully be said that until the new election law has been tried woman suffrage in Wy-

oming will be but an experiment. From present indications, however, the change in the manner of voting will make the experiment more of a failure, or less of a success than it has been in the past. An election has been called for Sept. 11, and, under the law now in force, voters were required to be registered from Aug. 12 to Aug. 16. Both parties had out their teams for this purpose, but much more trouble was experienced in getting the ladies to register than was expected. The average woman dislikes to take an oath as much as she does to tell her age, and as both of these formalities are required under the new law in most cases it took no small amount of eloquence to induce many of them to take these necessary preliminary steps. By dint of hard work in the city 2,514 voters were registered, of which number 993 were women; but the readiness which formerly characterized the exercise of their privilege, was sadly missing in the case of most of the ladies, and it is very doubtful as to how many of them will turn out on election day.

A somewhat peculiar feature of politics here, in connection with woman suffrage, is the fact that in their expressions most of the women are strong partisans, while in their actions they are wavering in the extreme. It is not an uncommon thing to hear one of the fair sex protest emphatically that she is a good Democrat, when, at the same time, her intention to vote at least a part of the Republican ticket is well known. And, sad as it is to relate, she changes her intentions on the slightest provocation. She cares nothing for free trade or protection, and her vote is controlled by no such small issues as these. An opportunity to run for an office, or to attend a convention; a friendship for one of the candidates or for his wife; these and many other similar considerations govern the way she votes.
If there is any one branch of politics in

which woman shines to better advantage than man, it is in electioneering. Here indeed, does she come out strong. Her quick wit, her beauty, her gentleness, make her a sure winner against a doubtful voter of the opposite sex. When thoroughly aronsed she will resort to strategy, and some of her moves would do credit to any politician. Shortly before the registry-polls opened in this city, one of these fair workers went to half a dozen voters of her own sex, but of the opposite political faith, and told them to wait for her-that she would take them to the polls to be registered. They waited, and are probably waiting yet, as the lady never turned up.

The male portion of the population are taking a great deal of interest in the coming election. Strong tickets have been placed in the field by both parties, and the issues of the campaign clearly drawn. At the present time ex-Governor Baxter, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and ex-Delegate Carey are treating the State to a joint debate on the tariff question. Present indications are that the Republicans will he does not consider at any length; but the elect their entire State ticket, with the there is but little doubt that both branches of the Legislature will also be carried by the Republicans.

Heretofore the women have never acted in politics with any organization of their own, but have voted with the two great parties as their individual influences have influenced them. There are signs, however, that in the future women willorganize and maintain a woman's party organization. If this is done, with the narrow margin of supremacy now held by one party over the other, the women will hold the balance of power, and will be in the position, if they choose, to not only influence, but, perhaps, control legislation and elections of State

HOW THE BIG GUNS ARE MADE.

The Batteries of Our New War-Ships and What They Can Accomplish.

"Imagine shoulder practice with a sixinch gun, weighing five tons and threequarters, at the rate of eight or ten rounds in a minute, each round capable of piercing fifteen inches of wrought iron!" This is what Commander C. F. Goodrich invites us to do in the Century Magazine, in order to get some idea of the progress that the artof gun-making for our navy has achieved. The rate of that progress is shown by the fact that the first steel gan, properly so-called, built in this country was constructed at the South Boston iron-works, for experimental purposes, only eight years ago, while the first steel guns meant for actual service were made at the Washington navy-yard only about six years ago. Batteries of six-inch and eight-inch guns for the Dolphin, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Charleston, Yorktown, Petrel, Baltimore, Philadelphia and San Francisco have since been completed, and batteries for the Newark and other vessels are in course of con-struction. Of the ten-inch guns for the Miantonomah three have been finished, and the first of the four-inch rapid-fire guns are coming forward. This work comprises a list of something like a hundred modern, high-power, breech-loading rifles, built up

of separate pieces of open-hearth steel.

The way in which our present system of making guns for the navy has been developed is described by Commander Goodrich. An elongated projectile holds its velocity better than a round shot of the same caliber, on account of its greater weight; yet if fired from a smooth bore it is apt to turn end over end and miss its mark. Hence rises the necessity of rifling such guns. "which means that they have spiral grooves that engage a soft metal band on the shot and cause it to spin about its longer axis;" and this keeps the point foremost. To introduce more power and so get a higher velocity the chamber in the breech is enlarged, and cartridges provided larger than those that could enter the muzzle, so that new guns are habitually loaded at the breech; while breech loading also gives in-

creased security to the gunners and a more rapid service of ammunition. The powder, too, has been improved. In | How fitting, when the maiden i order to use larger charges without producing too violent pressure on the gun, it was compressed into large prisms. Then another step was taken in altering its composition so that it might burn more slowly, one tamous result being the cocoa powder. so called from its color, having more nitrate and charcoal, the latter being underburnt. and much less sulphur than the quicker barning black powder. To keep the shot longer under the influence of such powder came increases in the length of the gun

the high explosives, with the violence of

The metal needed in guns must be tough, elastic, in the technical sense, and of great tensile strength; and these qualities, according to the theory hitherto adopted by our government and others, are found to a high degree in forged steel. The strains when the charge is fired come first transversely, tending to burst the gun, and then longitudinally, tending to blow the breech off. The former strain "acts so quickly that the inner layers of metal in a solid gun are stretched before the outer layers have time to come to their aid. If a gun be made of several eccentric cylinders, and if the outer ones can be made to compress the inner, the powder will have to overcome their action modified inner, the powder will have to overcome this compression at the bore before it can exert a strain of tension." Thence comes the process of shrinking outer cylinders upon inner ones, putting the former in when hot, so that on cooling they will contract and produce the desired compression. In the Rodman process of casting guns of steel or iron, the same result is aimed at by causing the metal to begin cooling at the bore while the exterior is kept hot. But the former is the method on which our naval

guns are now constructed.

These guns are built up of a number of separate pieces of steel, cast into ingots that are forged, turned off, and bored out nearly to the size required, the forging producing toughness and a fibrous structure. Then they are raised to a cherry-red heat and dipped into a tank of oil for tempering, to increase the elastic limit. Next they are annealed by heating and slowly cooling, which increases the ductility of the metal. All this the steel-makers do, and the Washington gun factory then puts the pieces together. The jacket, as it is called, is shrunk upon the tube to increase the strength at the breech, and then two sets of hoops are put on, the first going over the front of tho tube, or chase, and the second over the jacket. When all these parts are thus assembled, the roughly bored gun is bored again to its final caliber, rifled by a cylinder which fits the bore and carries a number of cutters, and supplied with its breech-loading mechanism.

The 6-inch guns throw a 100-pound projectile with a 50-pound charge of powder, perforating 10.6 inches of wrought iron at perforating 10.6 inches of wrought from at 1,000 yards. The 8-inch, with a 125-pound charge and a 250-pound projectile, penetrates 16.3 inches. The 10-inch gun. with 250 pounds of powder and a 500-pound shot, penetrates 21.1 inches. But while these are the largest calibres yet constructed, the new battle-ships will require a 13-inch 60-ton gun, firing a 1,200-pound shelf. Contrasting with these are the 4-inch guns, firing a 36-pound shell, in process of construction for the new 3,000-ton and 2,000-ton cruisers, the effectiveness of which will be derived from their delivering ten aimed rounds a minute. These are a direct de-velopment from the small rapid-fire guns mounted on swivels; and from the 4-inch our navy may, perhaps, pass to the 6-inch guns of this type, although, as Commander Goodrich says, the proper limit is reached when the ammunition becomes too heavy to be easily handled by one man.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Cosette's Garden, (From Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables.") Part 2d. Chapter 188.

Where deaven's fairest blue is spread A tinted canopy o'erhead. And brightest sunbeams gleam and glance, Amid the gilded domes of France, Once lay a garden, quaint words tell, O'er which an air mysterious fell.

Though old and time-worn was the gate, It hung safe locked in silent state, And guarded well the inner scene, Where nature ruled, unquestioned queen, O'er flower and plant life; wierdest sight Conceived by Hugo's vision bright.

No trace was there of gardener skilled; Each flower and shrub grew as it willed; Tree branches bent low down to twine With low grown brier or clambering vine Sweet blooms clasped weeds in mixed array, And growth there held high holiday.

Twas as a city bright and gay, Or as a nest that zephyrs sway; As a cathedral dark and dim, Echoing low the vesper hymn, As fragrant as rich flowers in bloom, As solitary as a tomb. When spring awoke among the trees, And set affoat her balmy breeze, All nature quivered 'neath the sun,

As when, love-tuned, a heart is won, And incense sweet began to rise On soft wings toward April skies. As, moved by lightest breath of air, O'er statues, pavements, everywhere, The perfumed petals lightly fell, Whose bright, brief lives a lesson tell;

And over all as living snow, White butterflies passed to and fro. At evening dreamy vapors rose O'er trees where song-birds sought, repose While from high branch to grassy sod, Was felt the wondrous power of God, All 'round was beauty, dim, obscure, And Paphos was an Eden pure.

And here through many a summer day Cosette dreamed happy hours away, Or played among the flowers and grass, Or watched through railings strangers pass; For with deep love her heart was bound To this weird, tangled spot of ground.

She loved it for life 'neath her feet; For birds that sang each morn to greet; She loved it for each glowing star That shone through branches, faint and far, "Till one shone only for her eyes, And then she thought it Paradise. -Bessie Adams.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Meredith Nicholson. Keats, and Kirk White, David Gray and the rest Heavened and blest of you young singers Slender in sooth though the theme unexpressed Leave us this like of you yet to sing on! Let your Muse mother him and your souls brother

Even as now, or in fancy, you do; Still let him sing to us ever, and bring to us Musical musings of glory and-you. Never a note to do evil or wrong to us— Beauty of melody—beauty of words,— Sweet and yet strong to us comes his young song

to us, Rippled along to us clear as the bird's. No fame clating him falsely, nor sating him-Feasting and feting bim faint of her joys, But singing on where the laurels are waiting him, Young yet in art, and his heart yet a boy's. -James Whitcomb Biley.

Watching the World Go By. Swift as a meteor, and as quickly gone A train of cars darts swiftly through the night. Scorning the wood and field, it hurries on, A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home a woman's eyes, Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare, Follow the speeding phantom till it dies— An echo on the air.

Narrow the life that always has been hers. The evening brings a longing to her breast; Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs And mocks her soul's unrest. Her tasks are mean and endless as the days.

And sometimes love cannot repay all things; An instrument that, rudely touched, obeys, Becomes discordant strings. The train that followed in the headlight's flare. Bound for the city and a larger world,

Made emphasis of her poor life of care, As from her sight it whirled. Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth Indifferent though one woman grieve and die; Along its iron track are many souls That watch the world go by.
-Meredith Nicholson.

Love's Dawn. In wandering through waste places of the world I met my love and knew not she was mine. But soon a light more tender, more divine, Filled earth and heaven; richer cloud-curtain The west at eve; a softer flush impearled

The gates of dawn; a note more pure and fine Rang in the thrush's song: a rarer shine Varnished the leaves by May's sweet sun un-To me, who loved but knew not, all the air Trembled to shocks of far-off melodies. As all the summer's rustling thrills the trees When spring's suns strike their boughs, asleep

-John Hay, in September Century. Alack! Alas! At early dusk she bastens to retire, Too modest to be seen by other stars, She creeps to rest, and veils her silv'ry fire.

And then, one blessed day, I saw arise Love's morning, glorious, in her caudid eyes.

and bare.

But older grown, she waneth morally. Her hours are late, she knows no settled rule; Her sister stars wax pale with shame, to see The giddy girl among them, nightly, full. -Arthur Bradford Grover, in Light. Possibly Because It Knows a Good Thing.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. English money is trying to buy large woolen and cotton mills in Rhode Island. If British gold knows good things why not come South

THE GLORY OF AUTUMN. Farmers Declare for the Golden Rod as the

National Flower.

Iowa Register: The National Farmer's Congress, which held its session in Council Blufts last week, added new interest to the question of the selection of a national flower. They discussed the matter at some length, and when a vote was taken the golden rod was found to be their choice for the Nation's floral emblem. That these men, many of them busy toilers, who have little time for the cultivation of the merely beautiful, should stop the discussion of questions more ger-mane to the congress and talk about the claims of various flowers, shows what a deep interest is taken in the selection of a national emblem. School-girls have written essays on the theme, and poets have written verses, but it is much more signifi-

cant when the farmers take a vote on the

That the farmers should favor the golden rod is not strange. The golden rod is an American flower, with the odor of the soil, and the rocks, and the highways of the country clinging to it. It is no forced or dainty product of the artificial garden. It has no hot-house look or edor. It is a healthy, vigorous American plant, that bursts into gold at the kiss of the autumn sun. Blooming anywhere and everywhere in profusion, it is a universal favorite. Abundant, it is still a modest flower, and ever hangs its golden head. A genteel flower, it is no aristocrat that grows in exclusive places. Its glory is alike for the cottage of the poor and the palace of the rich. All honor to the golden rod, the farmer's choice! It is the beauty of the autumn; the golden fruiting of the year: the one touch of nature's goodness which makes all the new world akin! Some think it a fantastic fancy to have a national flower, but if we are to have one why should it not be this lovely flower of the American soil, representative as it is of the strength and vigor of the Republic? The farmers have at least helped the golden rod along the road to favor and to fame.

Didn't Get the Place.

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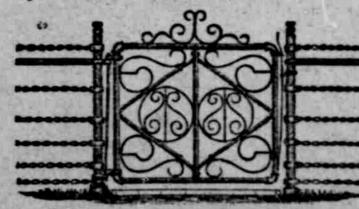
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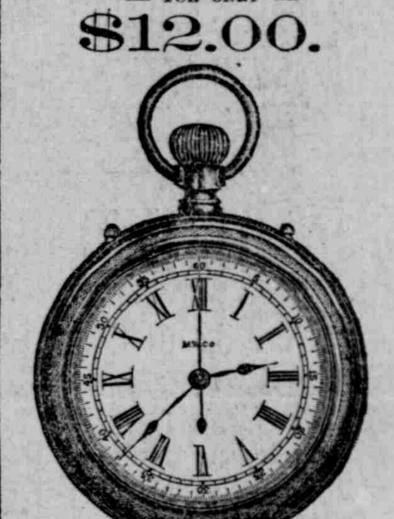
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